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ZEDULON REFUSING HIS GARDEN FOR THE SITE OF A NEW HOUSE.

THE DOMESTIC QUARREL.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

SITUATED on the Lower Rhine is a pretty, neat little village, inhabited by thriving people, for the fields and meadows are productive, and the inhabit-

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ants industrious and orderly. The richest peasant of the place was old Andres, whose house and stabling lay close to the stream, along which runs the towing-path to the village. At his death his whole property was inherited by two sons; the

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name of the elder was Kaspar, that of the younger Zebulon.

Kaspar had been from his youth a healthy, robust fellow; at the age of fifteen he guided his plough and wielded his scythe like a grown-up man, and, when he came home in the evening, made potatoes and dumplings vanish before him like any other stout fellow. But Zebulon, in his infancy, had had the rickets, and was obliged for three years to drink cod-liver oil instead of beer. Besides this, his life had been embittered by all other ailments incidental to childhood. It is true he overcame them after his fourteenth year, but was left with crooked, tottering legs, and the barber never gained much from him, for he had no beard. He took no interest in agricultural pursuits; his favourite amusement was to lie behind the stove and play with the neighbours' children who were much younger than himself, manufacture all kinds of playthings for them, mend the broken heads and legs of the little animals out of their toy ark with wax, and sew dolls' clothes. Old Andres, seeing that he was fit for nothing in the field, apprenticed him to a tailor. He learnt his trade thoroughly, and had established a good business before his father died. But the young women of the village would have nothing to do with him as he grew up, even those for whom he had formerly made dolls' clothes; some of them rather derided him, and unfeelingly scandalized him with the nick-name of Master Spindleshanks, which they bestowed upon him on account of his misshapen limbs. Consequently, he had not the heart to fall in love, and became so much the more attached to his brother Kaspar. But the latter married early, according to the good custom of the country, and with every year acquired an addition to his family. On the death of old Andres, the two brothers agreed without any difficulty about the inheritance. Kaspar took possession of all the arable land; Zebulon of the house, with the large vegetable garden, and the meadows which lay near it. He gave up the ground-floor to his brother, and, as an equivalent, took his meals with his sister-in-law. He himself lived in the upper story; there he had a large, neat room, the windows of which overlooked a piece of meadow-ground to the Rhine and the principal street of the village. Here he sat upon his table and sewed strenuously; he had a good view of all that passed in the neighbourhood, and spoke every vessel which lay to on the water beneath, inquiring what news there was at Maintz and Emmerich. Thus he led, as some would call it, a pleasant life, and almost unconsciously became an old bachelor.

The brothers had lived full twenty years in harmony together. Of this, Kaspar's children took advantage; they stayed in their uncle's room the whole day, kept watch from the large windows, and got him, in the twilight, to make them dolls and playthings. It was only as each one grew old enough to be sent to school that he became ill-behaved towards uncle Zebulon, because he overheard him derided by his school-fellows. Then each in his turn rebelled against him, until he at last took them by the shoulders and drove them down stairs. To this he was accustomed with all his nephews and nieces.

All at once the seeds of dissension were sown in the household. Kaspar had now twelve children,

varying in size like the pipes of an organ. As he had husbanded well and enlarged the patrimonial estate by the addition of new lands, he was obliged to keep more servants than before, and his wife began to think the ground-floor of the paternal house too small. She hinted to him that he might build a new house near the old one—that it should be of brick instead of plaster, and should even have a painted room. Kaspar for a long time would not hear of it, and thought, "For what it would cost me to build a new house, I can keep a dozen cows, and buy an acre of land into the bargain; but my wife prefers a fine house to keeping cows." Dear reader, if you wish to have cows, and your wife a new house, I fear that you will find that the cows will not be bought, but that the new house will be built.

But the building-ground? That must first be obtained from Zebulon, for the land around the family house belonged to him; and his garden produced magnificent vegetables, his orchard fine fruit, which he sent by the market-boat twice a week to Rees or Cleve, and by these means had made many a hard dollar, which he had put out to interest. Besides, the garden was his great delight; it did him good, when he got down from his tailor's stall, to be able to undertake the easy gardening, such as sowing, planting, grafting and gathering.

To be sure, Kaspar had plenty of land at a little distance, but here, in the village, all that belonged to him was a small poor tract, lying just between the family house and the towing-path, which his wife had reserved in the division as a drying-ground. It was an uneven, bad, sandy piece of land, and shelved so much towards the river that it was flooded almost every year.

The best site for the house was in Zebulon's vegetable garden, which lay high and dry, commanded a pretty view over the river, and offered firm, good ground for the foundation of the cellar. This had been from the first the opinion of Kaspar's wife, and she now gave it utterance. Her husband scratched his head on hearing it, and thought, "She may undertake to speak to brother Zebulon herself."

At the next evening meal, after grace had been said, and the children dismissed for the night, the subject was broached. The wife treated the matter as something which she herself considered as quite understood, and even thought brother Zebulon would act like a brother, and let them have the garden pretty cheap. Zebulon made no answer, but got up, presented Kaspar, as was his custom every evening, with a pinch of snuff, and as he sneezed said, "Good night." Hereupon he ascended the stairs to his room.

But he could not sleep all that night. The first hour he meditated upon the beautiful peach and apricot espaliers, upon which, for three years, he had bestowed the greatest care, and which had now attained a fine growth, after having been grafted six times. The second hour the ranunculuses occurred to his mind, for which he had destined the best and most sunny bed in the garden; his ranunculus bloom was his pride; no one in the neighbourhood, not even the professed gardeners in the next village, could vie with him in number of varieties. After midnight he thought of the neat gravel path, for which he himself had brought

up the gravel, probably two hundred wheelbarrowsful, with toil and trouble from the shore of the Rhine, and the pretty little round in the middle, inlaid with sea shells, which had been brought for the purpose from Scheveningen. When the watchman sounded one o'clock, the fine thick asparagus occurred to him, which he yearly sent to market from the principal bed in the inclosure; at two o'clock, the splendid cabbages; at three, the green peas; and towards daybreak, all these thoughts, apricots and sea-shells, cabbages and ranunculuses, peas and asparagus, were jumbled together in his head. That everything should be destroyed, cut down, levelled, just to build a house, for which a site could be found quite as well elsewhere! Once more in his old age should he be obliged to lay out a garden, and perhaps never enjoy the fruits of it!

In the morning he took heart, made another resolution, and went down to dinner composed and cheerful. But his sister-in-law did not look upon him so kindly as usual, for it vexed her that he had not directly and willingly said "yes." But she restrained herself, for she thought he would introduce the subject. She was mistaken, and, becoming impatient, at last flatly put the question: "Well, brother-in-law, did you duly consult with your pillow last night? For how much will you let us have the garden?"

Then said Zebulon, "First send the children away, and we can talk the matter over better."

When they were gone, he continued: "Dear sister-in-law, I cannot do without the garden; I profit so much by it that I cannot part with it cheaply, as is becoming between brothers. The meadow ground is not fit for flowers and vegetables; I cannot make a new garden there; besides, it would take me too long. But it must be the same to you whether you build a few yards to the right or left. So choose a site in the meadow for a house, and a fine yard into the bargain. Don't be modest: you can take a good half-acre. All that I possess will come to your children, and it is of no importance to me. I make you a present of the half-acre."

This was spoken like a brother, and Kaspar was ready to grasp Zebulon's hand, and thank him heartily. But his wife was not contented, because, having once made up her mind, she did not like to have her plans altered. "No," said she, pettishly, "I'm not going to build in your marshy hole. I would rather remain in the family house."

"As you please," said Zebulon, "and I hope you have all made a good dinner." Therewith he left the room good-humouredly, and ascended to his workshop.

Now the anger of the wife broke loose. If Zebulon had answered her uncivilly, she could have given vent to her spleen, and, after a hearty quarrel, they might perhaps have made up matters. But now the husband was obliged to smart for it.

"A pretty fellow you are," exclaimed she, "to leave your wife to speak alone; my brother-in-law may well think I'm a regular shrew. This is always the way with us poor women; if we think of our own interest, and that of our poor little ones, we are called meddling bodies."

"Wife," said Kaspar, "the meadow is just as good to build upon, and we get it as a present."

"But I won't have the meadow," cried she; "I would rather build on the piece of ground by the water which belongs to us, that the crooked Spindleshanks"—for even this unkind epithet rose to her lips—"may be vexed that he can no longer look upon the Rhine and gossip with the sailors, the old woman, the——"

"He must be a foolish fellow who builds there," said Kaspar; "the house wouldn't stand ten years against the floating ice. Now I must be off to the field." And so saying, he left the room.

In the meantime, Zebulon sat on his tailor's stall sewing little flaps together for a jacket, which he had promised to his youngest nephew, Hans Peter, for his new harlequin. The lad had already been there three times; now he had promised it to him at three o'clock, when Hans Peter was to come for it.

It struck three; the jacket was ready, but Hans Peter did not come. Master Zebulon began another job. "He is probably fishing," thought he. It struck four; the child stayed away, and the others did not come, as was their custom, to eat their piece of bread and cheese with him after school. Zebulon said to himself, "They must be making a potato fire in the field; or can anything have happened to them?"

As it struck five, he heard the little rabble chasing each other and shouting below in the hall. He stepped to the top of the stairs, and called, "Hans Peter, bring your harlequin; the jacket is ready!"

"No, uncle," cried the little lad, "I don't want the jacket."

Zebulon went to his tailor's stall, fetched the splendid parti-coloured jacket, and, displaying it to the children, said, "Who will have it, if Hans Peter doesn't want it?"

The second youngest boy, Michael, cried "I," and had already placed his foot on the lowest step of the stairs, when an elder girl, the saucy Anna, sprang forward, and pulling Michael violently down by the arm so that he fell on the ground, said, "Keep your jacket, uncle; mother says you are a bad uncle, and do not wish your brother's children well, so we are to have nothing more from you. And mother says, too, that we are never to go up to you in the work-room again."

"Yes," cried one of the boys, "I shan't come to you any more, you uncle Spindleshanks. Hoho, uncle Spindleshanks!"

And the whole troop, little and big, Michael with them, shouted out loudly the opprobrious epithet.

Zebulon became chalk white with anger, and bethought himself of his yard measure to cut through the rabble, but he felt his limbs totter, and with slow steps re-entered his room. He tore the harlequin jacket into shreds, and threw them out of the window. Then he climbed upon his tailor's stall, and began to work furiously at a jacket. When he had finished, he perceived that he had put the sleeve in wrong side outwards: he flung down his work, put on his coat, and, taking his Spanish pipe, went out—to the public-house.

When Kaspar had finished his field-work he was not quite domestically disposed. He did not feel inclined to go home, and thought, "My wife has quarrelled with brother Zebulon: she can make

up matters with him this evening at supper; I will go to the public-house."

Thus, just because they did not wish to see each other, the brothers met, and, to make the matter worse, in the presence of other people.

When Kaspar entered the tavern, Zebulon was seated in the corner reading the Lower Rhine People's Almanack. He looked ill-humoured, and was drinking, contrary to his custom, a pint of hock. Hitherto they had always drank the same, and out of one bottle. But now, Kaspar seeing his brother, immediately called for rum. Round about sat a dozen of the village people.

"Well, Kaspar," said the bailiff, "you are going to build, I hear."

"Has that reached your ears already?" was the answer. "I am going to do so in the spring."

"And where?"

"I don't know yet; I haven't agreed with my next neighbour."

Zebulon looked up a moment from the People's Almanack; his brother's eyes met his. Kaspar continued: "Every one is not accommodating."

Zebulon laid down the almanack, took off his spectacles, but did not say a word.

"I think," said the bailiff, "it would be most convenient on your brother's meadow."

"Yes," said Kaspar, "and it will probably be there."

Now Zebulon inquired across the table, "Upon which meadow do you mean, Kaspar?"

"Well, as we to-day decided, upon yours."

"I know nothing of the decision," answered Zebulon. "From five o'clock this evening no inch of my meadow is to be bought or given away."

"Indeed," said Kaspar, "I was not aware of that; I think we will talk the matter over again at breakfast."

"I shall no longer take my meals with your wife," answered Zebulon. "I have made an agreement to take them here, at the public-house, until the spring."

"And in the spring?"

"Then I shall begin to keep house properly, and have a cook; I live above, she below."

"We live below," said Kaspar.

"No," answered Zebulon, "in the spring you will live below no longer. I have just desired the bailiff to give you notice for the middle of May."

"Zebulon," cried Kaspar, striking his fist upon the table, "am I to build upon your meadow or not?"

"No."

"Or in your garden?"

"No."

"And not remain in my father's house?"

"No."

"Then I will build upon the ground between the house and the Rhine;" and muttering between his teeth, he tossed down his rum, and went storming home.

The next morning early, the bailiff actually came, and gave warning, in Zebulon's name, to Kaspar and his wife to quit the dwelling. The wife was troubled, now the affair had become earnest, and would have willingly accepted the piece of meadow. She thought Kaspar should go

up to his brother and use a kind word with him. But now Kaspar had made up his mind, and was too proud to make any concessions. He walked to the side of the river, with his two eldest boys, and immediately cut down the trees which stood there. Zebulon put his head, with his night-cap on, out of the window, and said quite peaceably, "Good morning, and good success to you."

It was a miserable building-ground, wedged in between the family house and the towing-path; there was only space for a house one room deep. "So much the better," thought Kaspar: "then I will build three stories, one above the other, and take the best light from Zebulon." But a strong stone parapet must first be built towards the river, and that was no trifling task. So small a space remained for the stables, that the old quarters would hold fully half a dozen more oxen. But Kaspar so placed the stable, that it just covered Zebulon's window on the other side, which looked upon the street of the village. From this he received the greatest comfort in his work.

Amidst mutterings and vexation, the house was roofed before winter. The brothers no longer spoke when they met; the village people laughed at them, and thus goaded on their obstinacy. When Kaspar wanted new clothes made, he took in another tailor from the next village to board. His children injured their uncle whenever they could, and did not even spare the flowers and fruit in his garden.

Matters were somewhat improved in the spring, when Kaspar really entered his new house, but still not much. It is hard for people living in a town to have an enemy, much more so for those in the country. For in a town people can avoid each other if they wish, but in the country they meet every day, in the public street, at the parish-meeting, in trade: especially neighbours, and then they lose all relish for their dinner.

Kaspar once said to the inn-keeper: "My house is beautifully situated; I have a view all around me, and can see quite into the village; this pleases my wife, and affords her some amusement." The inn-keeper repeated this to Zebulon, and, on the following day, masons came to build two walls, the height of a man, on three sides of Kaspar's house, but on the ground belonging to his brother. The summits of these walls were admirably furnished with pieces of broken glass. Between them Zebulon planted, with his own hands, young poplars, which he examined and watered every day, and gave the watchman a large bribe to look at them every hour of the night, and see that no harm happened to them. Kaspar's children only got their hands and knees cut to pieces by these mischievous walls, but the poplars grew briskly, and by the following spring had so shaded Kaspar's house, as to render it necessary to light a candle at four o'clock in the afternoon; they likewise obstructed the wife's beautiful view. And, what was still worse, the children were shut out by the walls from all their old haunts, and now spent the whole day by the river; their mother could not keep them away, and, when it was quite high water, she was in constant anxiety and distress. At last Kaspar was obliged to take a fit person into the house merely to attend to the children.

THE INSECTS OF COMMERCE.

THAT nature has no superfluous products, either organic or inorganic, might be inferred from the wisdom of its Author, as well as from the multitudinous examples of adaptation to important purposes with which we are familiar. The utility of certain objects may not be apparent to us after all our prying; yet it does not follow that they are devoid of the property, but only that we are hoodwinked. Men have been slow to learn the value of many of nature's choicest gifts. Some of those that are now most highly prized were in former ages contemplated with indifference as incapable of service; and, though wiser than our ancestors, we may still be labouring largely under similar ignorance with reference to a thousand living or lifeless forms around us. The deadly poisons of many vegetable substances are elaborated into wholesome medicines by the skilful physician. Insectivorous tribes, sporting by millions in the sunbeam, to the annoyance of the traveller, with multitudes of minute *medusæ* in the ocean, are the food of superior forms of existence of high importance to society, while microscopic organisms, the outcasts apparently of the animal kingdom, convey instructive lessons to the anatomist of the wisdom and power of the Divine Artificer, by the variety and complexity of their structure. The common earthworm, once accounted a despicable link in the chain of animal life, and trodden underfoot without concern, has now a recognised useful office, loosening the soil by its perforations, rendering it pervious to rain and the fibres of plants, while unconsciously manufacturing the finest earth for grain and grass. But there are forms of life, insignificant as to the outward appearance, which are not only indirectly serviceable to mankind, but of great direct commercial value, either in themselves or in their products, to some of which we may refer with interest, as illustrating the bounty of Providence, and the frequent connection of the beneficial with the lowly in the scheme of creation.

The honey which the bee elaborates from the nectar of flowers is in many countries an important article of food, and the base of a vinous beverage, though its value has much abated to ourselves since the discovery of sugar. The wax which the insect occasionally secretes is also in extensive demand among the civilized nations for various domestic purposes, polishing furniture, and lighting up the saloons of the great.

Though bee culture is with us a branch of rural economy, the home supply of the produce is far below the demand; and we pay annually not less than 100,000*l.* for foreign honey, while at least 10,000 cwt. of wax are imported. At Narbonne, the chief trade is in honey, which is said to be the finest in France, remarkable for its whiteness and highly aromatic flavour. This peculiar excellence is owing to the number of fragrant plants in the neighbourhood, and the variety in the nourishment of the bees secured by the system of management. From the gardens of the city, the hives are regularly carried to the surrounding meadows, and afterwards conveyed thirty or forty miles distant, as far as the Low Pyrenees. By this arrangement, the cultivated vegetation, with that of the meadows and the mountains, is put into requisition to produce

the honey of Narbonne. The tending of bees is perhaps the oldest of all industrial occupations, after tilling the soil and keeping flocks and herds. It is also one of the most stable as to its locality. Milton speaks of the

"Flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur."

Hymettus, memorable from its connection with the name of Plato, extends to the east and south of Athens. From the summit, the ancient city was seen in its glory near the base, while beyond it, westward, lay the gulf of Salamis, the scene of the naval triumph of the Greeks over Xerxes. At that time the hill was a "flowery" one, and swarmed with bees, from whose hives the best of the attic honey was obtained. The hill is now where it was, and as it was when Themistocles fought the Persians, covered with wild thyme, giving employment to those humble labourers, who, in uninterrupted succession, have occupied the spot, from the most prosperous days of Athens to the present hour. They are kept in hives of willow or osier, plastered with clay or loam within and without. For upwards of two thousand years the Hymettian bees have been on record, surviving the revolutions which have changed the features and uprooted the population of Attica, according to the poetical saying—

"Their race remains immortal, ever stands
Their house unmoved, and sires of sires are born."

Next to these pleasant caterers for the healthy, mention may be made of a class of special benefit to the invalid, though, like most other remedies of the physician, the practical application is sufficiently disagreeable. In former times, odd ideas prevailed respecting the medicinal value of insects, which, if true, would certainly diminish expenditure with the apothecary; for lady-birds have been recommended in cases of measles, earwigs in nervous affections, cockchafer for the bites of mad dogs, ticks for erysipelas, and woodlice as aperients. But, passing by such vagaries, the Spanish fly, or blister-beetle, *cantharis vesicatoria*, is an insect of commerce indispensable in *materia medica*. It is found sometimes in England, but this is a rare occurrence, though it appeared in great numbers in Essex, Suffolk, and the Isle of Wight, in the summer of 1837, frequenting ash trees, on the leaves of which it feeds. It is more common in France, abundant in Spain and Italy, though, notwithstanding the name, the greatest quantity is obtained from Astrachan in Russia. The Russian insects are considered superior to those from other quarters. When alive they exhale a pungent volatile principle. Persons employed in collecting them have the face and hands protected by coverings from contact. This is usually done morning and evening, when the insects are somewhat torpid, by shaking or beating the boughs of the trees they infest with poles, and receiving them on linen cloths spread upon the ground. They are then killed by exposure to the vapour of hot vinegar, dried in ovens, or on hurdles in the sun, and packed for the market in casks and small chests. Fifty of the dried carcasses scarcely weigh a drachm. The *cantharis* is about three-quarters of an inch in length, of a light shining green colour, with bluish-black legs and antennæ. When touched, the insect feigns death.

After the luxurious and healing insects, we come to a much more tiny and numerous class, to which the name of dyers may be applied. Cochineal, used to produce our brilliant scarlet, crimson, and carmine dyes, is the dried carcase of an insect, *coccus cacti*, found in Mexico, Georgia, South Carolina, and some of the West India islands, where it lives and propagates upon the *cactus cochinillifera*. The plant produces a fruit which is also of a purple colour, and is supposed to contain the colouring matter. The insect is of small size, seldom exceeding that of a grain of barley, and was generally considered a vegetable substance for some time after it began to be imported into Europe. It is on record that a ship being wrecked in Carthagena Bay, of which cochineal formed part of the cargo, the article was turned out into the sea as damaged grain, and the bags alone preserved. In Mexico, the principal seat of production, where the insect is reared with care, there are two varieties: the best, or domesticated, called *grana fina*, or fine grain; and the wild, named *grana sylvestra*. The former is nearly twice as large as the latter, probably because the size has been improved by the favourable effects of human culture. The insects are detached from the plants on which they feed by blunt knives and killed by being dipped in boiling water, then dried in the sun, and placed in bags for exportation. In 1851, our imports included 22,451 cwt. of cochineal, somewhat more than half of which quantity was retained for home consumption. As each pound is supposed to contain 70,000 insects, the enormous annual sacrifice of insect life to supply the markets of the world may be readily imagined. During the last great war, partly on account of the obstacles which it placed in the way of importation, cochineal realized a high price, sometimes as much as 40s. per lb., and a vessel with a cargo of it was little inferior in value to one laden with specie in the estimation of our seamen. But upon the conclusion of peace the price regularly declined till it sunk to one-tenth of the sum named, about which it at present remains. The insect has been introduced into Spain, Malta, Algeria, Java, and India, but the valuable article of commerce is still the produce of Mexico.

Kermes-grains, another dye-stuff, consist likewise of the dried bodies of an insect belonging to the old world, *coccus ilicis*, of kindred species to the true Mexican cochineal. It is found upon a small kind of oak which grows abundantly in the south of Europe. The tree clothes the declivities of the Sierra Morena in Spain; and many of the inhabitants of the province of Murcia have no other mode of obtaining a livelihood than by gathering its animal tenants. There are several other species, one of which is called the scarlet grain of Poland, *coccus polonicus*, being found on the roots of a perennial plant, growing in sandy soil of that country and other districts. The word kermes is of Persian or Arabic origin, and signifies a "little worm." In the middle ages, the material was therefore called *vermiculus* in Latin, and *vermilion* in French, which latter term has curiously enough been transferred to the red sulphuret of mercury. Before the discovery of the western world, it was the most esteemed substance for dyeing scarlet, and had been used for that purpose by the Romans and other ancient nations from an early period. But

notwithstanding their acquaintance with it, the real nature of the product was unknown, being supposed to be a vegetable grain, fruit, or excrescence, and not finally established to be an insect, assuming the aspect of a berry as it did in the process of drying, till a recent date. Through several centuries, in Germany, the rural serfs were bound to deliver annually to the convents a certain quantity among the products of husbandry. It was collected from the trees upon St. John's day, with special ceremony, and was called *Johannis-blut*, "St. John's blood," in allusion to the day and the colour. Many a proud cardinal has been indebted to the diminutive creature for the red hue of his hat and stockings. Cloths dyed with the substance are of a deep scarlet, and though not so brilliant as those dyed with cochineal, they retain their colour better. Old tapestries at Brussels, and other places on the continent, exhibit it in unaltered strength after the lapse of centuries. Though its use has been almost entirely superseded in Europe by the cheapening and greater lustre of cochineal, it is still employed for dyeing the scarlet caps worn by natives in the Levant.

Lac-dye, improperly denominated a gum, is obtained from a substance produced by an insect, *cherries lacea*, on certain trees growing in Bengal, Assam, Siam, and Pegu, the two latter countries yielding it of the finest quality. The insect deposits its egg on the leaves or branches, and then covers it with a quantity of this peculiar material, designed evidently for the purposes of protection and food for the young. The substance is formed into cells, finished with as much care and art as a honeycomb, but differently arranged. It supplies a fine red dye, and also resinous matter, extensively used in the manufacture of sealing-wax, hats, and as a varnish. In 1850, the importation into the United Kingdom amounted to 18,124 cwt. The price varies, according to the quality, from 3d. to 2s. 6d. per lb. Lac in its natural state, encrusting leaves and twigs, is called stick-lac, and is collected twice a year by simply breaking off the vegetation, and taking it to market. If this is not done before the insects have left their cells, the value of the material as a dye is deteriorated, though supposed to be improved as a varnish. Lac-dye is the colouring matter extracted from stick-lac, and is usually formed into small cakes, like indigo, exhibiting a hue approaching to carmine.

A substance of vegetable basis, but insect production, is of greater interest, as not only supplying a dye, but a medicine, while contributing to the higher object of enabling mankind to interchange their thoughts, be their distance from each other ever so great. We allude to gall-nuts—morbid excrescences, like the oak-apple, produced by the gall-fly, a species of *cynips*. The insect, one of the winged class, is armed with a needle in a sheath, which has most surprising powers of extension, amounting to double the length of the animal itself. With this weapon it forms a nest for its offspring by puncturing the young shoots of a diminutive species of oak, common in the Levantine countries. An egg is then inserted in the wound, along with an irritating fluid, the action of which upon the plant occasions the excrescence, or gall-nut, resembling a tumour on an animal body. In the same manner, having passed through the

larva state, the young pierce their way out of the vegetable matter which has been their protection. Galls are of globular shape, varying in magnitude from the size of a pea to that of a boy's marble. They may be either simple, containing only one inhabitant, or compound, supporting a number of individuals, and are distinguished in commerce by their colour. White galls, the least valuable, are those which have not been gathered till after the insects have effected their escape. Green and blue galls contain the insects, and are heavier than the former. The best are imported from Aleppo, and are chiefly brought there from Mosul on the Tigris, being gathered in the neighbouring country. As the most powerful of all the vegetable astringents, they are often used with effect in medicine, and are also employed in the preparation of black dyes and the manufacture of writing-ink. No substitute equal to them as a constituent of ink has yet been discovered. Thus commerce, friendship, and literature are alike indebted to the instinctive labours of a humble fly for the means of conducting mercantile transactions, reciprocating affection, and registering thought for the instruction and delight of mankind.

But of all the insects of commerce by far the most important are

"The spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,"

which have produced by their labours, and are still producing, the most astonishing effects upon the habits and employments of millions of human beings. To estimate aright the value of the silk-worm moth, *phalena mori*, we must not look at the ultimate product, worn at the courts of princes and in the drawing-rooms of the luxurious, but to the raw material, as the staple article of cultivation with hundreds of thousands, among whom the prospect of a deficient crop causes as much alarm as a scanty harvest of grain. It afterwards gives subsistence to hundreds of thousands more in its final manufacture into the garbs of fashion. The insect, whose brief existence is a succession of changes as surprising as the events of a fairy tale, is at first a minute round body, or egg, "*la graine*" of the French, the size of a small pin-head. On being hatched, it emerges as a caterpillar, feeds eagerly on the leaves of the mulberry tree, increases rapidly in size, and remains in the larva state about six weeks, changing its skin four times during that period. Before each of these changes, called "*ages*" by the continental peasant, the worms cease to eat; but after having gone through it they feed with a more voracious appetite than ever. The consumption of leaves increases with each age. The same number that will require but seven pounds weight of leaves in the first age will devour from two to three hundred pounds in the last. This is the "*grande frêze*" of the French, preceding periods of appetite being styled "*petites frêzes*." The noise of the eating at this time in a silk-worm country resembles that occasioned by a smart shower of rain. When full grown, a convenient place is chosen, and the insect begins to envelop itself in an oval case or ball of silken fibres, called a cocoon, about the size of a pigeon's egg. It is now a chrysalis, remaining so about twenty days, at the end of which, it gnaws its way through the ball, and comes out a winged

moth. In a few days, the female deposits her eggs, from three to five hundred in number, and both insects speedily terminate their existence, the eggs in their turn becoming larvæ, and going through the same strange cycle of transformations. But where the silk is the object in view, and not the breeding of the moth, it is not allowed to reach this final stage, as the fibre would be cut into small pieces by the opening at which escape is made. The chrysalis is therefore destroyed, when the cocoon is finished, by the application of heat, and the fibre is unwound.

The material produced by this insect artisan was at one time valued in Rome at its weight in gold; and the emperor Aurelian is said to have refused his consort a silken robe on account of its costliness. At that very period the peasantry of China were clothed with it; and both there and in India it has been a prime object of production and manufacture from remote antiquity. About the year A.D. 550, the reign of Justinian, the eggs of the insect were first brought to Constantinople by two monks. They were hatched and fed; they lived and propagated; mulberry trees were planted for their nourishment; and a new branch of industry was established in Europe. The production of raw silk passed from thence through Sicily and Italy into France, where it was introduced towards the close of the fifteenth century, and has since become one of the chief sources of industry and support to the inhabitants of the southern districts. Down to the year 1802, there existed at the small village of Alban, a few miles from the Rhone, the first white mulberry planted in the country. It was brought from Naples by one of the soldiers who accompanied Charles VIII in his Italian campaign in 1494. Raw silk is annually consumed in the manufactories of Lyons to the amount of one million of kilogrammes, equal to 2,205,714 English pounds. Four thousand millions of cocoons are required for this produce, making the number of caterpillars reared, allowing for those that die, or are kept for eggs, and for bad cocoons, 4,292,400,000. As the length of the silk of one cocoon averages five hundred metres, or 1526 English feet, the length of the total quantity annually spun at Lyons is 6,500,000,000,000, or six and a half billions of English feet, equal to 14 times the mean radius of the earth's orbit, 5494 times the radius of the moon's orbit, 52,505 times the equatorial circumference of the earth, and 200,000 times the circumference of the moon.

It is recorded of our James I, that while king of Scotland his wardrobe could not supply him with a single pair of silk stockings. He sent therefore to beg the loan of a pair from the earl of Mar, in order to appear in due state before the English ambassador, assigning as a reason, "Ye would not, sure, that your king should appear as a scrub before strangers." On coming to the throne of England, he imported silk-worms and planted mulberry trees, in order to have silk of home growth as well as domestic manufacture; but the effort was abandoned. Trials have since been repeatedly made; and very successful ones were reported to the British Association in 1847, made by Mrs. Whitby, of Newlands, near Lymington, in Hampshire, on her own estate. There can be no doubt respecting the perfect practicability of the object; but it remains

to be proved that silk can be produced at home at a cost admitting of competition in the market with foreign produce. The culture seems better adapted to warmer skies and a less vigorous population. The quantity of this material annually brought to our shores amounts to between four and five millions of pounds weight; and the annual value of our silk manufactures cannot be estimated at less than ten millions sterling. To supply the raw product, and feed thousands of our countrymen by the uses made of it, the labours of myriads upon myriads of insects are required. At least 14,000,000,000 of animated creatures annually live and die to furnish the amount which we consume; and when the demands of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America are considered, the imagination is bewildered by the contemplation of the prodigious multitudes which every year spin their slender threads to deck the inhabitants of the globe. Enumeration is here as formidable a process as that of counting the leaves of the forest, or the blades of grass in the greensward.

CIRCASSIA AND ITS CHAMPION, SCHAMYL.

For a number of years past, in the least attractive and least read portions of the foreign correspondence of our daily journals, the public has been in the habit of seeing occasional notices of the warfare carried on between the Russians and Circassians. Beyond a passing feeling of surprise that the powerful hosts of the former should so long have been kept at bay by a handful of mountaineers, coupled with an equally transient admiration of the gallantry of the weaker force, the contest used to excite little marked attention in this country. Now, however, our rupture with the czar has changed the state of matters. Circassia has become a good ally. Schamyl is a celebrity, and biographies of him become articles of attractive merchandise on the stalls of our railway termini.

When we turn our attention, indeed, to this country, its contest with the gigantic power of Russia may well excite our wonder. Year after year has Nicholas despatched against it, backed with all the modern improvements of warfare, brave troops and picked generals, and still the hardy mountain peasants have maintained their ground, and even dealt damaging blows on the forces of their invader. "They have no parliaments," writes Mr. Urquhart, "for the eloquence of patriots—no gazette for the renown of heroes—no press to inspire virtuous deeds; but while we are studying Russian articles in our free and independent journals, they are in the field; while we are considering whether we dare allow our vessels to sail through the Dardanelles, and apprehending the dangers of war, they are beating Russia's armies."

A glance at the map of the seat of war in the East, given in a recent number of this journal, will enable our readers easily to observe the position of this interesting people, whom our painters and poets have so long selected as the type and model of beauty. The whole Caucasian Isthmus, as it is termed, from its midway position between Europe and Asia, its double line of sea-coast, and the extraordinary strength of its mountain fastnesses,

has, from a remote antiquity, attracted the attention of every conqueror that aimed at universal sovereignty, but has foiled all efforts to effect its subjugation. Impregnable from its natural position, blessed with a delightful climate, with valleys teeming with every production that can minister to the want of man, the whole region may be compared to the Switzerland of Europe, and wants but the blessings of a pure religious faith, and emancipation from the designs of its aggressive neighbour, to occupy an elevated position in the social scale. The Caucasians, under which general term several tribes are included, are variously estimated in point of numbers; but if we accept the interesting statements of Captain Spencer* as correct, the whole population of the isthmus does not exceed 3,000,000 in number. The Circassian proper, however, is distinguished from all other tribes of this district by a certain martial air, symmetry of form, great physical strength, and handsome expressive features. Like all mountaineers, he breathes an ardent love of country; and, to judge from the description of travellers, the land in which he dwells is well calculated to call forth his affections. "This Eden-like country," observes the voyager just mentioned, "for beautiful coast scenery, is without a parallel; exhibiting, as it does, all the combinations which unadorned nature can present in its loveliest forms. The mountains were covered with sheep; and whether the eye wandered along the shore, up the bosomy hills, or through the fertile valleys, numerous flocks of snow-white sheep were seen quietly grazing with herds of buffaloes, superb oxen, and jet-black goats, with their long slender limbs. There were also the little wooden huts of the Circassians, with their smoking chimneys and farm-yards, surrounded by groves of fruit trees; shepherds, armed with a lance, tending their flocks and herds; agricultural fields as far as the eye could reach, filled with men, women, and children, cutting down the waving corn, and camels and buffaloes, loaded with the produce, winding their homeward way through the deep and distant valley. It was, in truth, a lovely picture—an ever-changing panorama, and realized all that the imagination of a poet could conceive of an Arcadia."

The struggles of this brave people in their endeavours to resist the insidious advances of their hereditary opponents abound with many romantic incidents. Russia had, by constructing a series of fortresses, endeavoured slowly and with cautious steps to occupy the country in detail; but the late operations of our fleets in the Black Sea have led, as will be remembered, to the voluntary abandonment of many of these fastnesses. Indeed, so precipitous is Circassia, and so fortified is it by nature, that it has been estimated that an army of half a million of men would scarcely suffice to occupy its various passes and cut off the guerilla bands by which they can be so easily defended. In addition also to these difficulties, Russia has had to encounter a formidable obstacle in the person of Schamyl—a leader who appears to unite, in an extraordinary degree, qualities fitted to impress a rude but heroic population. Of this remarkable

* See his "Turkey, Russia, Black Sea, and Circassia," London, Routledge & Co.; a very attractive and well-timed publication.



SCHAMYL.

man one or two biographies have recently been published; but, as a clear summary of his doings, we know not that we can do better than present the able sketch which Captain Spencer has introduced into that agreeable volume which we have already quoted.

"Schamyl-bey is one of those extraordinary men who now and then appear in the East, and astonish mankind by the depth of their wisdom and the tact they display in uniting hostile creeds and races. While the fanatic Turks and Persians have been massacring each other for centuries, because they cannot agree whether Ali or Omar was invested with the mantle of the prophet, in the same manner as the Latin and Greek Churches have been disputing respecting the orthodoxy of their respective creeds, our clever chieftain of Daghestan has discovered not only the means of reconciling

Omar with Ali, but of uniting men of all religions in one common feeling of brotherhood and hatred against the rule of the Moscov. Hence he has succeeded in attracting to his standard thousands of deserters from the Russian army, and he now sees himself surrounded by a life-guard, the Murids (Murtosigats), who, like Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides, are at once soldiers and religious enthusiasts.

"In addition to these, he has under his command an army of at least 60,000 men; all veterans, and for the most part composed of members of the various tribes of the Caucasus, and strangers from every part of Eastern Europe and Asia. He has also succeeded in introducing various reforms into Daghestan; established a regular government; tribunals of justice; a posting system; *gens d'armes* to protect travellers, with khans for their accommodation; he likewise levies taxes; in fact, assi-

milited everything as much as possible to the customs and usages of civilized communities. His troops are regularly paid, and by instituting decorations and rank among his officers, and by rewarding their bravery with grants of money and lands, he has excited emulation, and encouraged strangers to take service in his army. For this, and many of the novelties of European discipline, and, indeed, the efficiency of his troops, he has been indebted to his friend and companion-in-arms, Daniel-bey, who rose to the rank of general in the Russian army, and is only second to Schamyl himself.

"If we are to believe the reports current in Russia, this new creed, of which Schamyl is the prophet and expounder, is exceedingly liberal in its tendencies, tolerant to the professors of every faith, and, if it can be called Mahometanism, at all events it is divested of many of the superstitions and absurdities of that creed. This has no doubt contributed to his success in no inconsiderable degree, and to the attachment manifested towards him by the members of so many rival creeds. In fact, the religion of Schamyl is not altogether new in the East; it originated many years ago in Arabia; was first preached in the Caucasus by Elijah Mansour, and may be considered political in its tendencies, encouraging freedom and independence, and condemning the debasing materialism which in the present day degrades the religion of Mahomet.

"Schamyl may be taken as a perfect specimen of his race, the Lesghian, who are said to be a mixture of the Alani and the Saracens. There is nothing of that rare beauty of feature, symmetry of form, and physical force that distinguishes the Circassian; but they are active and agile in the highest degree, able to bear any fatigue, courageous in the field, persevering, and we may add vindictive, above every other race in the Caucasus. The Vendetta of a Lesghian is a terrible affair; with him blood can only be expiated with blood, and until vengeance has been taken, he believes that the spirit of the deceased will never rest in peace. Hence when a Lesghian falls on the field of battle, there is always some sworn friend ready to avenge his death; thus perpetuating from generation to generation the intense hatred entertained by this people against their ancient foe, the Russians; the necessity of a propitiatory sacrifice being impressed upon them by their parents and elders, as an atonement that must be made to the manes of their slaughtered ancestors!

"With such feelings, and actuated by such motives, the unlucky Russian soldier who happens to fall within the murderous grasp of one of these Lesghian fanatics has little chance for his life, unless he happens to be rescued by one of their more enlightened leaders. It is but justice to Schamyl to say, that, since he has arrived to power, he has done everything by his own example, and by the severest punishments, to put an end to this terrible system of retributive justice, but as yet with little success. He has, however, induced the inhabitants of some districts to adopt the Circassian code, which allows a man to purchase the forbearance of his enemy by paying a reasonable fine.

"However repugnant to our feelings this inexorable spirit of revenge in a Lesghian may be, the

law which says 'he who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' acts as a powerful curb upon a people of so fiery a disposition; and when they do quarrel among themselves, the contest is seldom of long duration, and never so fatal in its consequences as might be expected.

"Schamyl-bey commenced his military career as a Murid in the body-guard of his predecessor, Khasi-Moullah, when he was distinguished among his comrades for his sanctity, abstinence, and heroic bravery. He was, however, indebted for his present elevated position to a very singular circumstance, which still remains a mystery.

"When the fortress of Hemry, his native town, was besieged, the garrison, which consisted chiefly of Murids, resolved to defend their chief, Khasi-Moullah, to the last extremity, and forming, as it does, part of the religious obligation of a Murid, the slaughter of the Russians was indeed fearful; but the generals Rosen and Willemineff were determined, cost what it might, to take the fortress; knowing they would at the same time capture the prophet, Khasi-Moullah. Fresh troops were therefore brought up, and every outlet invested, to prevent the possibility of escape. The cannon again played on the crumbling towers, the scaling ladders were again raised, and the assailants as often beaten back. At length the place was taken; still the devoted Murids disputed every inch of ground with unexampled bravery, and when all was lost, they formed a rampart of their bodies around their beloved chief, till they were shot or bayoneted by the exasperated soldiers, and their bodies hurled from the battlements into the *Koi-sou* beneath. Schamyl and his chief were the last who shared the fate of their comrades, of being thrown into the river, to be devoured by dogs or vultures. This terrible slaughter took place on the 14th of October, 1832.

"The whole of Daghestan mourned over the loss of their beloved prophet and his heroic band of Murids; when lo! to the astonishment of all men, two years afterwards, Hemry, after having declared for the new prophet, Hamsad-bey, was again besieged by general Lanskoï. At the very moment the garrison was about surrendering, Schamyl, at the head of a large body of mountaineers, came to their rescue, and turned the fortunes of the day. If the heavens had opened, and Mahomet himself had come down in a chariot of fire, he could not have made a greater sensation throughout the whole of Daghestan than did the resurrection of Schamyl from the grave. Who could doubt but that he was invested with a mission from God—that he was destined to be the saviour of his country? Nor can it be wondered at that the whole nation should elect him as their chief and prophet. How competent he was to fill the position to which he was elevated is well known, the fame of his exploits having spread not only over the Caucasus, but the whole of Europe.

Schamyl was again lost sight of after the storming of Akhoulga, one of the strongest fortresses in Daghestan, where the Russians, after gaining possession, put every human being to the sword; and as the prophet was seen giving his commands, and fighting to the last, it could not be doubted but that his career was now finished; yet at the very time when all Daghestan was mourning his loss,

and the Russians were celebrating a *Te Deum* in commemoration of the death of their terrible foe, his dreaded name again re-echoed throughout the neighbouring province Avaria, where, at the head of 15,000 Lezgians and Tchetchenens, he was destroying all the forts they had taken so much pains to erect, and laying waste the entire country with fire and sword, because the inhabitants had submitted to Russia."

Such is Schamyl. His character is one with which we cannot in many points sympathise; still, it is always interesting to witness the oppressed struggling with the oppressor. Fain would we hope that one issue of England's contest with the czar may be the securing for Circassia exemption from those ceaseless attacks that have been made upon her independence, and the introduction to her borders of those truths which are the only real emancipators of the soul.

STREET FACES AND FANCIES.

How often at the end of a busy day, when our labour is done, and the early night of winter closing over us invites to repose and refreshment by the cheerful fireside, have we sat in our easy chair silently listening to the soothing song of the kettle, and tracing in the glowing embers the forms of familiar things or the faces of half-forgotten friends, or perhaps the likenesses of the great ones of the earth. Like the gorgeous structures of cloud-land piled gloriously round the cradle of a summer's day sun, they become changed into nobler shapes or fade into nameless nothings beneath our gaze: the lofty dome crumbles and vanishes, the crowned and sceptred monarch sinks suddenly into a pinch of dust and ashes, and the crowd of admiring courtiers, dribbling through the grating of the stove, fall unnoticed amidst the rubbish of the hearth. But the fire burns on, and crackles and sparkles merrily, and sends forth its genial light and warmth—no unapt emblem of the bounty of the author of universal Nature, which reckes not of the ruin of its loftiest or meanest sons, but pours its treasures out in rich abundance, in the face of joy or grief, and spreads unnumbered pleasures through the earth—"stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find."

From the dreamy reveries of the fireside, and the fanciful forms which imagination bodies forth in the fiery glow, to a contemplation of actual life in the multitudinous haunts of men, is but a shifting of the point of view from the ideal to the real. While mixing with the living tide which surges along the street channels of a great city, we have often speculated—as who has not?—upon that eloquent page of human existence and experience which every man and woman of the motley crowd exhibits to the world, as an index more or less explicit and communicative of a life's history. The human face divine, however distorted by pride, scarred by passion, or debased and sensualized by animal propensities and indulgences, is yet a volume in which a wise man may read at a glance words of truth and import—messages of kindness and love—admonitions of warning and reproof—denunciations of guilt and punishment.

Let us peruse a few of these living documents as they flit before us, and see if we can derive aught of profit from the study.

First among the throng steps forth a modest maiden, country-bred, bearing a portly bundle in clean kerchief wrapped, and an umbrella which, like herself, has already seen a little service, but is competent to a great deal more. She is garbed in a cotton gown of a dark but small pattern, and a scanty white spotted shawl securely and neatly fastened round her waist, and she has tied her bonnet of broad straw-plat, perhaps a piece of home manufacture, firmly beneath her chin. The ruddy hue of health mantles in her cheeks, and a natural smile would be playing there at this moment, were it not that she is a little alarmed at the prodigious bustle and uproar of London city. Her parted lips, and the width of her large blue eyes, which are roving in astonishment from one object to another, tell us how new and strange and overwhelming to her simple mind is the scene in which she is now for the first time moving. It is Janet Gray, come up this morning from the forest of Dean, where her father is a day-labourer with seven children, of whom she is the eldest, to take service as a maid of all-work in a respectable family of "Friends" at Stoke Newington. There is a trace of tears on Janet's face; they were shed very early this morning on taking leave of her mother and baby and all the little ones, who loved her so well, because she loved them better than herself, that it almost broke their hearts to part with her. But there are signs of something else than tears in that good-looking, honest face—signs of energy and a hearty will to do, and if need be to suffer, for the sake of the dear ones at home, and the good name and fame that are to be won by faithful service; and, furthermore, unless we are very much mistaken, there is in her heart a resolution to send down, precisely on this day three months, one quarter's wages to that dear mother whose last kiss yet lingers on her lips, and whose last affectionate advice yet vibrates in her ears. Never fear, Janet!—you need not look round so suspiciously, nor be afraid to trust your bundle for a moment to the conductor of the omnibus. In less than an hour you will be busy in your new home, where the Friends will show themselves friendly to thy youth and innocence, and grateful in acts of kindness for thy untiring willingness.

The next passing phantasm is a son of Israel, who wanders listlessly with downcast eyes, tracking the edge of the causeway, now rising on the kerbstone, now sinking in the gutter—a mode of progression which typifies exactly the extent of his ups and downs in the world. Beneath his armpit, where they are half concealed by the folds of a shabby coat a world too large for him, he has thrust a bundle of blacklead pencils of doubtful manufacture. He carries a broken dozen of them in his hand, and, though he protrudes them in the faces of the passers-by, he rarely utters a word. If you note him well, you may learn to recognise the facial characteristics of that rare phenomenon, an idle, do-nothing Jew. As a general rule the Jews are as industrious as they are enterprising, speculative, and commercially clever; but no rule is without its exceptions, and

Sloman (a corruption of Solomon in more than an etymological sense) is one of these. If he belonged to any other religious community, he would appear what he really is, a beggar; but the Jews, to their praise be it spoken, do not acknowledge beggary as a part of their social system: they drive their destitute members into the arena of commerce, by supplying them with a stock in trade of some description or other, and compelling them to effect a sale in order to effect a meal. They consider it a disgrace that a Jew should solicit alms of a Christian, and to prevent that they put their poor into the condition of merchants soliciting custom. We need not speculate on the cause of Sloman's declension—it is legibly written in his face, in the eye that seeks the ground, the lifeless lip, and the apathy and stagnant indecision of every feature.

Clear the way there, for yon sturdy, portly gentleman in his grand climacteric, who, followed by a weather-beaten boy whose long thatchy hair is his only shelter from the rain, walks at business pace with his face towards 'Change. Benevolence and satisfaction beam in his countenance, as he turns occasionally and beckons condescendingly with his finger to the lad, who, staggering beneath the weight of a long leather trunk, can scarcely keep up with him. Why is it that he has not taken a cab, instead of employing that waif of a boy to drag his luggage from the railway station on the other side of the bridge? and why, instead of paying the shirtless mannikin a few coppers in an off-hand way, does he pull out his silk purse, and with kind speech and smiling looks give him a silver shilling? We will tell you. Just fifty years ago this very day that kindly old gentleman, whose wealth is now almost beyond his own knowledge, and whose word is any day good for a hundred thousand pounds, came to London town a penniless boy in search of a livelihood, and of any labour, however mean or arduous, by which it was to be obtained. To recount the various trials and struggles through which he passed before he got his foot upon the ladder which led to a princely fortune, and to a reputation for honour and manliness which a prince might envy, would be but to repeat an oft-told tale. Perhaps he sees in that ragged boy, whose eye glistens as he grasps the splendid shilling with unwashed palm, his own youth renewed, and thinks of the hardships and the hopes, the sufferings and the sorrows which half a century back chequered his own career. May it not be, too, that with his sympathy there mingles a feeling of respect? that, knowing what he has himself been and accomplished, he may venerate the same capability in another, which to ignore were to libel himself—that he sees the future millionaire beneath the present rags and squalor? We do not ask whether he would be willing to change conditions, were it possible, with the object of his bounty—to barter three-score-and-three, with half-a-million or so in the banks, against thirteen, with a shilling in hand. There go more arguments *pro* and *con* to the consideration of that question than we have space for here, and it is a question, moreover, which we should not like the responsibility of deciding.

Hither marches majestically a spare figure with

thin visage bordered by snow-white whiskers; he is clad in the fashion of a bygone period, but in garments yet glossy with the newness of youth—a collarless coat of ancient cut—a vest of sable silk sparsely spotted with minute blossoms—a closely-plaited shirt-frill laid back beneath the folds of a white neckcloth, and fastened with a diamond pin—"continuations" which don't continue far below the knee—silk hose—and the last pair of Hessian boots that were achieved by the disciples of St. Crispin—his apparition suggesting the idea that he was, by some hocus-pocus, band-boxed down forty years ago, and is just released by the same magic to "revisit thus the glimpses of the moon." He treads gracefully, as though in a drawing-room or at a royal levee, upon the unctuous pavement, and talks eagerly but all unconsciously to himself as he wons along. Snatches of his soliloquy are audible at intervals in such expressions as "your lordship"—"my learned brother"—"rejoinder"—"nature of the evidence adduced," and so on. By many a casual spectator, the worthy old gentleman, the relic of a class now all but passed away, is set down as a monomaniac, a harmless imbecile, or a lunatic followed unobservedly by his keeper. But if you keep him in your eye you will see him earth in one of the inns of court, whence he will depart later in the day for Westminster, where, at the bench, you may chance to hear him eloquently pleading the cause of a client in the identical speech of which you caught but a few stray syllables as it grew into shape in his mind during the exercise of his morning's walk. He is so much occupied in the practical details of a large business, that he has no other time to study his orations. Nor is he singular in this respect. We knew a legal practitioner who could find no other opportunity for composing his speeches than the few minutes which he occupied every morning in shaving himself. On one occasion he had to lead off in an important case, and on rising found that he was not prepared as usual: he began mechanically rubbing his chin, and knew by the information of his fingers that in the hurry of the morning he had not shaved. To this act of forgetfulness was attributable the loss of the cause, as he failed in attempting to arrange in a striking manner the facts and arguments upon which he mainly relied for success.

Here comes a street face which for the last twelve or fifteen years has been to us almost a daily enigma, whose attempted solution has caused the construction of many an airy fabric and much mental castle-building—all to little purpose. It is a face which those who know it best must love to look on most—full of simplicity and intellect, of suffering and hopefulness, of benevolence and fortitude and quiet peace—of a man who has drunk deeply of the bitterest waters of life, but who has had divine compensations, and has them yet, and dwells radiant amid the beatitudes which hover round him and shed a light upon his path. The owner of that face, even when we first encountered it, had lived already "into the sere and yellow leaf." Then he led by the hand a gentle maiden not taller than his elbow, who prattled innocently at his side, and sought with constant eye his looks of love. We knew intuitively that

he was a shipwrecked voyager upon the stormy ocean of life, who, after battling long and wearily with the tempest, had escaped with the little child when his weather-tossed bark had gone down in the greedy deep, to a lone and scanty but hospitable spot, where there was verdure and shelter enough for him and her beneath the tranquil sunshine of heaven. The little child is a little child still—not *here*, unless in the old man's heart—but *there*, in the golden city where she walks hand in hand with the angels. It is many years now since she went away. The old man's head has grown silver white, his figure stoops forward, and his gait is hesitating and feeble; but his heart is firmer than ever. Though evidently not destitute, he must be very poor. In his provision-basket this morning there are a pound of potatoes, a couple of carrots, an onion, and a small loaf of bread. To-morrow there will be, besides the vegetables, a few shreds of butchers' meat, but there is none to-day; yet of what he has, little as it is, a hungry brother is welcome to a share, and many a time have we seen it ungrudgingly bestowed. Peace to thee, prophet of patience and meekness and loving-kindness! Without uttering a word, thou liftest up thy voice in the streets; and if thy silent teachings reach now and then a single heart among the multitudes who jostle thee on thy solitary path, thou hast not lived and suffered in vain.

In speculating thus upon the faces which glide momentarily past us, the imagination naturally reverts back to those which, having dropped through the trap-doors in Mirza's bridge, have sunk into the rushing tide that rolls darkly beneath, and whose place in this outside world knows them no more for ever. Let us recall some one or two of those once familiar forms and well known faces, as we have seen them in the light of vanished years, and look upon them once again. First comes a broad-backed Hercules of rather swart complexion and colossal stature, with shoulders slightly stooping, but, like those of Atlas, fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies. There is the fire of enterprise in his eye—the spirit of determination and decision in every line of every feature. He is a son of labour and of poverty as well as of energy, and a possessor of the lion-like will which almost alone constitutes genius. A modern Samson, he has ground in the mill for bread, and played the Titan in the arena to amuse the gaping crowd. But he stooped only to rise—only to provide the means of performing his allotted work. He was destined to lay bare the long-forgotten mysteries of buried Egypt—to strip the mouldering corpse of an empire sepulchred for three thousand years to the gaze of the world—and he has done it. He has rifled the pyramids, and transported to a land unheard of when they ruled over the valleys of the fruitful Nile, the mummied monarchs who were once the despots of the earth, and now exhibits their withered royalty to the gaze of curious Britons at the charge of a shilling a head. It is Belzoni who passes momentarily before us. Not too proud to be his own servant, he is affixing to the door of his exhibition-room the placarded board which informs all whom it may concern that within is

to be seen the mummy of an Egyptian prince, together with the model of a gorgeous sarcophagus from which, at a depth of twenty feet below the level of the desert sand, it was borne away. A few more years, and the dauntless explorer, who paved the way for the host of modern travellers who have made old Egypt as familiar to the reading world as any country in modern Europe, shall have laid his own bones to rest in a desert grave.

The next is a thin, spare, and fragile figure, tottering with the touch of time, and still more with infirmity, who, leaning on the arm of a careful matron-like nurse, makes an ineffectual attempt to walk for a score or two of yards in the pleasant morning sunshine. The exercise is too fatiguing to be continued for more than two or three minutes, and then the aged man sinks into a wheel-chair, and leans back his head, and we get a view of his face—a face once well known to Pitt and Fox, to Sheridan and Burke—now worn by sharp pain and lined by years of suffering. On that face the hues of health will never bloom again, and in a few short months it will have vanished from the haunts of men and the sympathies and veneration of mankind. But he has done his work, and done it well—a work which, so long as freedom is dear to the human heart, the world will not forget or be weary of praising. Need we say that it is Wilberforce, the champion of Africa, the deliverer of the negro, who thus in the latest evening of his life—a life devoted to the cause of truth and liberty—returns in the mirror of memory, as we saw him more than twenty years ago, while the torch of his life was slowly dying out in the city of Bath.

Who is she that rides past in her comfortable chariot, and bearing yet the bloom of health upon a face which for more than fourscore years has rejoiced in the light of heaven? She stops at the poor man's cottage, where want has entered like an armed man, and by her well-timed liberality banishes the fiend that has cowed the humble energies of his household; and, by words of cheerful courage and promises of a brighter morrow, nerves them again to set their shoulders to the work of life, and to labour and to trust that their wants shall be supplied. She is the worthy mate of the master spirits of a past generation, all of whom she has survived. She has dedicated her life to the truest interests of her race. Every rank of society has heard her admonitory voice, from England's proudest nobles to her meanest boors and peasants. She was the first bold experimentalist in the then untried speculation of cheap literature, spreading broadcast over the land no less than a million copies of a single work from her own pen. It may have been well for this country that such an experiment was first suggested to such a mind as hers; for, had an equal flood of such immorality and licentiousness as at a later period issued from the press first got possession of the popular mind, it is not easy to say what might by this time have been the effect upon the popular character. All honour, therefore, to the daughter of the schoolmaster of Stapleton—to the studious girl who rose by self-reliance and self-exertion from one of the humblest conditions of life to be an ornament to the highest; and who, having tasted and tested the gaieties and luxuries of fashion and frivolity, abandoned them from the convictions of a serious spirit

and chose the better part. In Hannah More the daughters of genius may study an exemplar whom it may be true wisdom to emulate.

But the limits of our paper forbid our proceeding to particularize, even thus briefly, the forms and faces that rise in the vistas of memory as we have seen them in bygone days, by momentary glimpses amid the moving world. We might tell of Scott and Moore, of Wordsworth, Campbell, and Bowles, of Southey, Coleridge and Barton, among the poets—of Robert Hall, of Foster, of Hill, of Chalmers, and a long list of lesser lights, among the preachers—of Wilkie, of Hayden, of Etty, of Turner, among the artists—of Blucher, of Wellington, of Soult, of Napier, among the warriors—of Castlereagh, of Canning, of Peel, among statesmen—of George IV and William IV, of Louis XVIII, of Charles X, of Louis Philippe, among kings—to say nothing of queens and princesses at least as many. All these we have confronted face to face in the highways of the world, and all of them has death mown down like grass, and shovelled into the greedy grave before our eyes. Like the fanciful figures in the fire they have dropped into dust and ashes; but the fire of life burns bright as ever—the round world booms onward in her thunder-march, nor heeds that one generation after another sinks into her bosom as she hastens forward to that grand awakening when all the dead shall live again, and there shall be no more death.

Historians tell us that the Persian tyrant wept when, looking upon his innumerable host, the thought occurred to him, that in a hundred years not a single man of them would be left upon the face of the earth. The story is probably true. The tears were natural enough. There is something irresistibly touching in the aspect of an immense multitude, coupled with the recognition of the fiat which has gone forth against them all. Perhaps it is from this cause that melancholy fancies are apt to creep in and mingle with our contemplations of street faces—faces of the great, the good, the wise, the witty—or of the mean and bad, the abandoned, the debased and the ignorant—but faces which “come like shadows, so depart”—which flash upon our vision for a moment, to be vanished and dead to us for evermore. If our brief lapse into seriousness demand an apology, we shall take shelter behind the skirts of Xerxes, and plead a royal weakness for our excuse.

A CHAPTER OF MODERN IMPERIAL ROMANCE.

WITH only one exception, namely, that of the czar Nicholas, the monarchs who are just now claiming the principal share of the world's attention are Abdul Medjid, sultan of Turkey, and Napoleon III, emperor of the French. Our readers will hardly be prepared for the fact that these two potentates are bound together by any other than political ties, or that any other relationships than political ones unite them. Yet we think that, if the reasoning of a modern French writer be correct, we shall be able to show in the course of this paper that they *are* in reality bound by ties

of another class, and that—although these may perhaps be somewhat distant—even affinities of blood exist between them. We believe we shall be thus enabled to add a new interest to the romantic history of the Buonaparte family, and to show that it and that of the sultan have in some respects a common origin, and that the thrones of France and Turkey are at this moment filled by descendants, in only the second generation, of two comparatively humble Creole families, which have been always united so intimately by marriages and intermarriages as almost to justify their being considered but as one.

The personage who is to play the part of principal heroine in our story, is Mademoiselle Aimée Dubue de Rivery. She was born in the island of Martinique, in 1766. Her family, besides being one of the most notable, was one of the most ancient in the island, its residence therein dating from the foundation of the colony, of which some of its descendants are even still the principal ornaments. She evinced at an early age so much intelligence and talent, that her parents resolved that she should be sent to be educated in France. She accordingly embarked for Nantes in 1775, and entered one of the chief convents of that city. In it she remained till 1784, in which year, having completed a superior education, she embarked, under the care of a governess, for her native country. But that country she was destined never again to reach. The ship in which she set out sprung a leak when about half way on its voyage, and its crew and passengers were only saved by the accidental passing of a vessel bound for Majorca. But this second vessel was even more unfortunate than the first. When almost in sight of port, it was captured by an Algerine pirate. All on board of it were put in chains, and a few days afterwards led into the slave-market of Algiers.

Mademoiselle de Rivery was purchased by the dey. Algiers at that time was under the rule of Turkey, and the dey was at the moment somewhat out of the sultan's favour. In order to re-instate himself in the good graces of his royal master, he determined to make him a present of some slaves. For this purpose he selected the most beautiful, and those in other respects the most valuable that he possessed; and our heroine being chief of these, of course formed a portion of the present. In this way she became introduced within the walls of the imperial harem; and once there, her beauty and talents rapidly raised her to the highest rank in it. She became the bride of the then reigning sultan, Abdul Hamed, and the mother of Mahmoud, the father of the present sultan, Abdul Medjid.

Remarkable as is the story they embody, these particulars appear to the writer in every respect authentic. They are gathered from documents which were called into existence in 1820, by the inquiries into the family history of his mother, which were instituted by the sultan Mahmoud himself, and which are still existing amongst the archives of the French embassy to Turkey, collated with the English newspapers of 1807 and 1808.

Turn now to the history of Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, who was born in that same island of

Martinique—we say also in the same year as the sultana; but of this anon. She married a nobleman, the viscount de Beauharnais, who was also a native of Martinique, but who, shortly after his marriage, migrated to France. There, for a time, he filled various offices under government; but at an early period of the revolution he lost his life in the streets of Paris. After his death, his wife allied herself to Napoleon Buonaparte, and her daughter Hortense espoused Louis, Napoleon's brother. Of this latter union was born the present emperor of the French, whose mother was thus sister-in-law as well as daughter-in-law to his uncle, Napoleon I.

It thus appears that, to some extent, both Abdul Medjid and Napoleon III are of West Indian origin. This of itself would have been sufficiently singular; but the singularity of the case is greatly augmented by the consideration that in both instances this part origin is upon the *same side*, namely, the mother's; and, what is still more remarkable, in the *same degree*, both monarchs being the *grandchildren* of ladies born in the West Indies, and born there—we think we may be justified in saying—in the same year. The birth of the empress Josephine is usually said, it is true, to have taken place in 1763, but the exact date was never clearly established, and was obliged to be admitted in the documents made use of at her marriage to be not certainly known. For our own part, as we have hinted, we incline to consider that it happened in 1766, and this because it is authentically recorded, that on the day on which it took place, a terrific storm swept over the whole island of Martinique, and by nearly entirely destroying the family mansion, placed the life of the young infant and its other inmates in extreme peril, whilst we have no account of the island being desolated by any such tornado in any year between 1760 and 1766, except the one named.

But we spoke, in our opening paragraph, not so much of remarkable parallelisms between the family history of Napoleon III and that of the sultan, as of affinities of blood existing between them; and that these, although distant, are not altogether imaginary, is evident from the circumstance, recorded by M. Danez in his "Histoire de Martinique," that previously to 1774 the families of Tascher and Dubue never married excepting amongst themselves, and now and then with members of the Beauharnais family. There is, moreover, at this moment lying before us an attested copy of a letter written at Fontainebleau, on the 27th of January, 1787, by the future empress Josephine to one M. Marlet, who had married a sister of the creole sultana, in which Josephine testifies to the existence of very intimate relationships between the Dubue family and her own, and speaks of a member of the former as being her aunt. Who would have dreamed that the emperor and the sultan were so nearly of the same race and the same blood? or have imagined that in the ruler of the most important Mahomedan empire in the world, and that of the second Christian state in Europe, were to be seen the grandchildren of two sugar planters' daughters, each born in a little island in the Indian archipelago, within the memory of some still living? Yet such is apparently the case—a fact which may be added

to the thousand and one others going to prove that the age of the romantic has not yet departed.

* * We present this paper as furnished to us by a respectable contributor, who has drawn his information chiefly from a series of papers running through the French periodical, "L'Illustration." Still, the facts recorded are of so novel a character, that we should like to see them further sifted.—EDITOR.

THE LOST SPIRIT.

WEEP, Sire, with shame and rue,
Weep for thy child's undoing!
For the days when I was young,
And no prayer was taught my tongue;
Nor the Record from on high,
Of the life that cannot die:
Wiles of the world and men—
Of their threescore years and ten;
Earthly profit, human praise,
Thou didst set before my gaze,
As the guiding stars of life,
As the meed of toil and strife.

I ran the world's race well,
And find my portion—HELL!

Weep, Mother, weep!—yet know
'Twill not shorten endless woe,
Nor thy prayer unbind my chain,
Thy repentance soften pain,
Nor the life-blood of thy frame
For one moment quench this flame!
Weep not beside my tomb,
That is gentle, painless gloom;
Let the worm and darkness prey
On my senseless slumbering clay;
Weep for the priceless gem
That may not hide with them;
Weep the lost spirit's fate—
Yet are thy tears too late:

Had they sooner fallen—well;
I had not wept in HELL!

Physician, canst thou weep?
Then let tears thy pillow steep:
Couldst thou view Time's nearing wave,
Doomed to whelm me in its grave—
The last and lessening space,
My life's brief hour of grace—
Yet with gay, unflinching tongue,
Promise health and sojourn long?
On the brink of that profound,
Without measure, depth, or bound,
View me busied with the toys
Of a world of shadowy joys?
Oh, had look, or sign, or breath,
Then whispered aught of death;
Though nature in the strife
Had loosed her hold on life,
And the worm received its prey
Perchance an earlier day—

This—this—and who can tell
That I had dwelt in HELL!

False Prophet, flattering Priest,
Full fraught with mirth and feast
Thy weeping should not fail
But with life's dark-ended tale!
For the living, for the dead,
There is guilt upon thy head!
Thou didst make the "narrow way,"
As the broad one, smooth and gay;
So speak in accents bland
Of the bright and better land,
That the soul unchanged within,
The sinner in his sin,
Of God and Christ unshriven,
Lay down with dreams of heaven!
False Priest, thy labours tell;
I dreamed—and woke in HELL!

JEWSDURY.

Varieties.

EXTENT OF RUSSIA.—Just now, when our country is at war with Russia, people are very anxious to know all they can about that country—what is its extent, its geographical boundaries, and what its productions, and the character of its inhabitants, and its civil and religious history. We shall accordingly attempt to furnish some account of this vast territory. But it is very probable, if we tell our readers that it is in length 6000 miles, and in breadth 1500 miles, and contains one-seventh part of the surface of the entire globe, they will not be able to form any adequate idea of its greatness. The river Thames, from its source to the Nore, is 215 miles long. The great Russian river, the Volga, is just about ten times as long, and it would, at the rate of twenty miles a day, take seven months to travel from its mouth to its source and back again. England contains about 84,000 square miles; but Russia contains steppes or plains so vast, that England and Scotland, and all the adjacent islands, would be almost lost in one of those immense flats. Russia contains also immense forests, so that they say a squirrel could travel from Moscow to Petersburg, 397 miles, without ever touching the ground. Should a Laplander be ordered off to a hot climate, he might find his way to Sebastopol, where the Russian war ships are lying in harbour, without crossing an arm of the sea, or even quitting the soil of Russia. Or, setting out of his palace at Petersburg, and keeping on the same parallel of latitude, the emperor himself might post in an unbroken line for nearly 6000 miles on his own dominions; and, after crossing Behring's Straits, might resume his route, and for many hundred miles still find himself on Russian territory. This enormous extent of territory gives the Russians strange neighbours. With Austria in front and the North Pole in the rear, on the right side is Sweden, on the other is Persia; one foot rests on Germany, the other on the borders of China. A letter handed to him by a British settler in Canada, he might almost undertake to convey direct to his brother in Calcutta. In other words, between British America and British India, hardly anything intervenes which is not Russian. The Russian empire contains 7,293,850 square miles. But England and Scotland together contains but 88,000 square miles; France, including Corsica, 203,736 square miles; and the whole of Europe, 3,650,000. Therefore, Russia is ninety times larger than Great Britain; thirty-six times larger than France, and exactly double the size of all Europe united.—*Christian Sentinel.*

EXCESS OF FEMALES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The number of the male population of Great Britain, excluding those absent in foreign countries, is 10,223,558, and the female population 10,735,919; consequently the females are in excess of the males by 512,361, or as many as would have filled the old Crystal Palace five times over; how many of these were spinsters cannot be known until the second portion of the census is published. The proportion between the sexes in 1851 was 100 males to 105 females, or about the same as in 1801. The *births* during the last thirteen years give a reversed proportion, viz., 105 boys to 100 girls. How much the change in the proportions, and the subsequent disparity of the numbers in the two sexes, is due to emigration, or to a difference in the degree of the dangers and diseases to which they are respectively exposed, will be discussed when the numbers of males and females living at different periods of life are compared. The disparity in the proportions of the sexes is greatest in Scotland, there being no less than 110 females to 100 males in that country.

A FATAL DISH.—A recent traveller in Armenia, who took a great fancy to the bears of the country, procured two young ones, of a light cinnamon colour, which he shipped for England. They were great favourites with the sailors on board ship, and arrived safely at the Tower-stairs, when some white paint being left out for the beautification of the vessel, the poor bears eat it all up, and not only died of the unwholesome feast, but the poison was so strong as to bring the fur off their skins, so that they could not be stuffed and immortalized in a glass-case.

THE TURKEYS OF TREBIZOND.—At Trebizond the turkeys live entirely upon a diet of sprats and other little fish washed on shore by the waves, by which it comes to pass that their flesh tastes like very exceedingly bad fish, and abominably nasty it is; though, if reclaimed from these bad habits, and fed on corn and herbs, like other respectable birds, they become very good, and are worthy of being stuffed with chesnuts and roasted, and of occupying the spot upon the dinner-table from whence the remains of the kalkan balouk have been removed.

DELIGHTS OF A BOLIVIAN INN.—"I had scarcely," says a recent traveller, "closed my eyes as a prelude to some delightful dream, to the charms of which I had resigned myself, and the candles had been extinguished, when lo! a quantity of strange things came tumbling down upon my face and the bed on which I lay. I could distinctly hear the noise they made in falling, but it was too dark for me to distinguish what it was that had so inopportunistically broken in upon my repose. My first impulse was to call Battista, who, I found, was sitting up in bed, and wondering, like myself, at the strange thing that had happened. The next moment I began to cry out with pain, feeling myself bitten all over. My companion did the same, and as we jumped about from the agony we experienced, we came in contact with such force, it being completely dark, that we knocked each other down, throwing over, in the scuffle, the candles and other articles which came in our way. The noise alarmed my *berceros*, who rushed into the room with sword and pistol in hand, and carrying a light. The scene which presented itself was most astounding. Every hole in the roof was besieged by troops of *bichuchos*, an insect resembling in colour a black beetle, though somewhat less in size, and armed with large tusks or fangs. It is very quick in its movements, and subsists upon human blood. Hundreds had forced their way into the room, and had found their way under the bed clothes, and were actually devouring me."—*Bonelli's Bolivia.*

INTERESTING FACTS.—Some female spiders produce nearly 2000 eggs.—About 30 fresh-water springs are discovered under the sea, on the south of the Persian Gulf.—A wasp's nest usually contains 15,000 or 16,000 cells.—There are six or seven generations of gnats in a summer, and each lays 250 eggs.—There are about 9000 cells in a square foot of honey-comb; 5000 bees weigh a pound.—A cow eats 100 lbs. of green food every 24 hours, and yields five quarts or 10 lbs. of milk.—Dr. Bright published a case of an egg producing an insect 80 years after it must have been laid.—Fish are common in the seas of Surinam with four eyes; two of them on horns which grow on the top of their heads.—Captain Beaufort saw near Smyrna, in 1811, a cloud of locusts 40 miles long and 300 yards deep, containing, as he calculated, 169 billions.

FLOGGING A MILLIONAIRE.—The correspondent of the "Chronicle," writing from Kars, says:—"A circumstance illustrative of oriental manners occurred here last evening. The *muchir* sent at midnight for the contractor, Kosmo, who has undertaken to supply the troops with bread, and reproached him with the failure of his engagements. Kosmo, who through a succession of government contracts has acquired great wealth, replied that no flour could be obtained—an excuse he had previously offered on many similar occasions. However, on being threatened with punishment, flour always appeared, and the troops received their usual rations of bad, half-baked bread. This time the *muchir* lost all patience on the old excuse being offered, and called in his servants, who laid the miserable contractor on the ground, whilst he soundly belaboured him with a stick. This energy of the *muchir* has vastly pleased the soldiers, who were the victims of the contractor. In Europe it would sound most strange and incredible were a field marshal to bastinado in person a millionaire."

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